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THE SECOND SET OF

MADRIGALES

3. 4. 5. and 6. parts, apt both for Voyals and Voyces.

Newly Composed BY IOHN WILBYE.



LONDON:

Printed by Tho. Este alias Snodham, for Iohn Browne, and are to be sould at his shop in S. Dunstones Churchyard in Fleetstreet.



TO THE MOST NOBLE

and Vertuous Lady, the Lady

Arbella Stuart.

Madame.



HE deepe understanding you have in all the Auts, and perticular excellency in this of Musicke, doth by a certaine kinde of right, challenge the Dedication of the better sort of Labours in that Facultie; especially in these times when Musicke sits solitary among her sister Sci-

ences, and (but for your Honour) often wants the fortune o be esteemed (for so shee is worthy) even among the worthyest. But esides that generall right, my true and zealous devotion long since devous to expresse it selfe in any humble dutie to your Honour, and borne up by the daily experience of your most Noble and singular disposition, ath never thought upon other Patron for this work, then your Honour, whose never-failing sudgement in the depth of Musicke, I do wish might be pleased with some of these; which happinesse if they attaine, I know not what indgement can avow to mislike them. Howsoever they behave themselves, I humbly beseech your Honour, to believe this truth; that they are the sincere oblations of a heart ever prepared for your service. And so with all humble and due reverence done to your Honour, I beseech the Almighty to make you in all the passages of your life truely happy, as you are in the worlds true opinion vertuous.

Your Honours most humbly denoted and obliged:

IOHN WILBYE.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. Voyces. Come shepheard Swaynes that wont to heare me sing. Flourish yee hillockes set with fragrant flowers. Ah, cruell Amarillis since thou takst delight. So light is Loue in matchlesse beautic shining. As fayre as Morne, as fresh as May. O what shall I doe, or whither shall I turne me? I liue, and yet me thinks I doe not breath. There is a Lewell which no Indian Mines can buy. Songs to 4. Voyces. When Cloris heard of her Amintas dying. Happy streames whose trembling fall. Change me O heauens into the Ruby stone. Loue not me for comely grace. Fly not so swift my Deere. I loue alas, yet am not loued. As matchlesse beauty theea Phoenix proues. Happy, oh happy he who not affecting. Songs to 5. Voyces. Sweet hony sucking Bees. First Part. XVII All pleasure is of this condition. Oft haue I vowde how deerly I did loue thee. Downe in a valley as Alexis trips, First Part. XXIII Hard Destinies are Loue and Beautie parted? Second Part: XXIII There where I saw her louely beautie painted.
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The state of the s
Yee that doe live in pleasures plenty.
A filly Siluan kissing heaven-borne fire. XXVI
Songs to 6. Voyces.
Wretched man why lou'st thou earthly life? XXVII
Where most my thought, First Part. XXVIII
Dispightfull thus vnto my selfe I languish. Second Part. XXIX
Ah cannot fighes, nor teares. XXX
Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares. XXXI
Stay Coridon thou Swaine. XXXII
Softly, O foftly drop mine eyes. XXXIII
Long haue I made these hils and vallies weary. XXXIIII

TORN WITHER

TENOR.

THE SECOND SET

MADRIGALES

TO

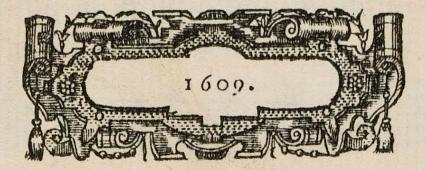
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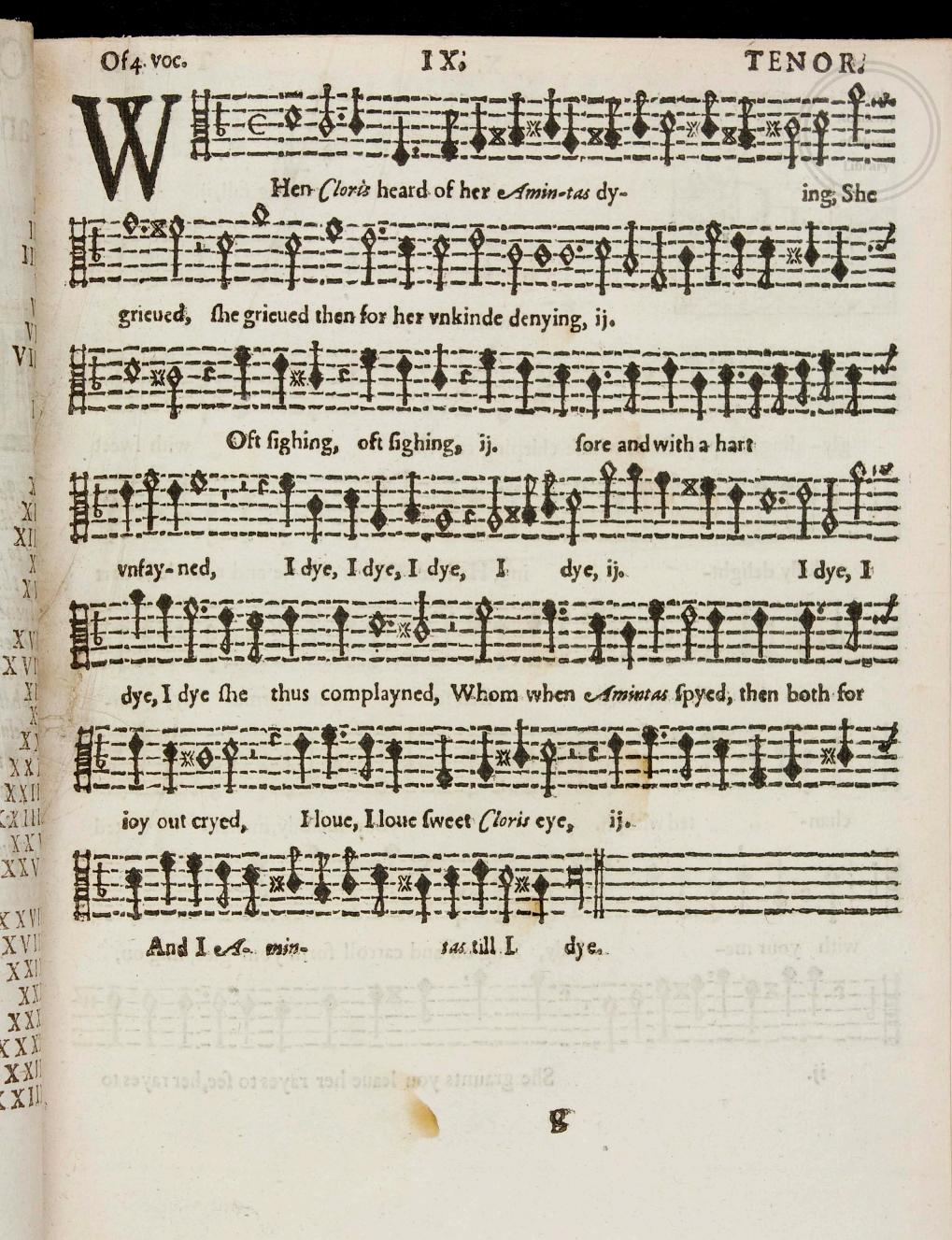
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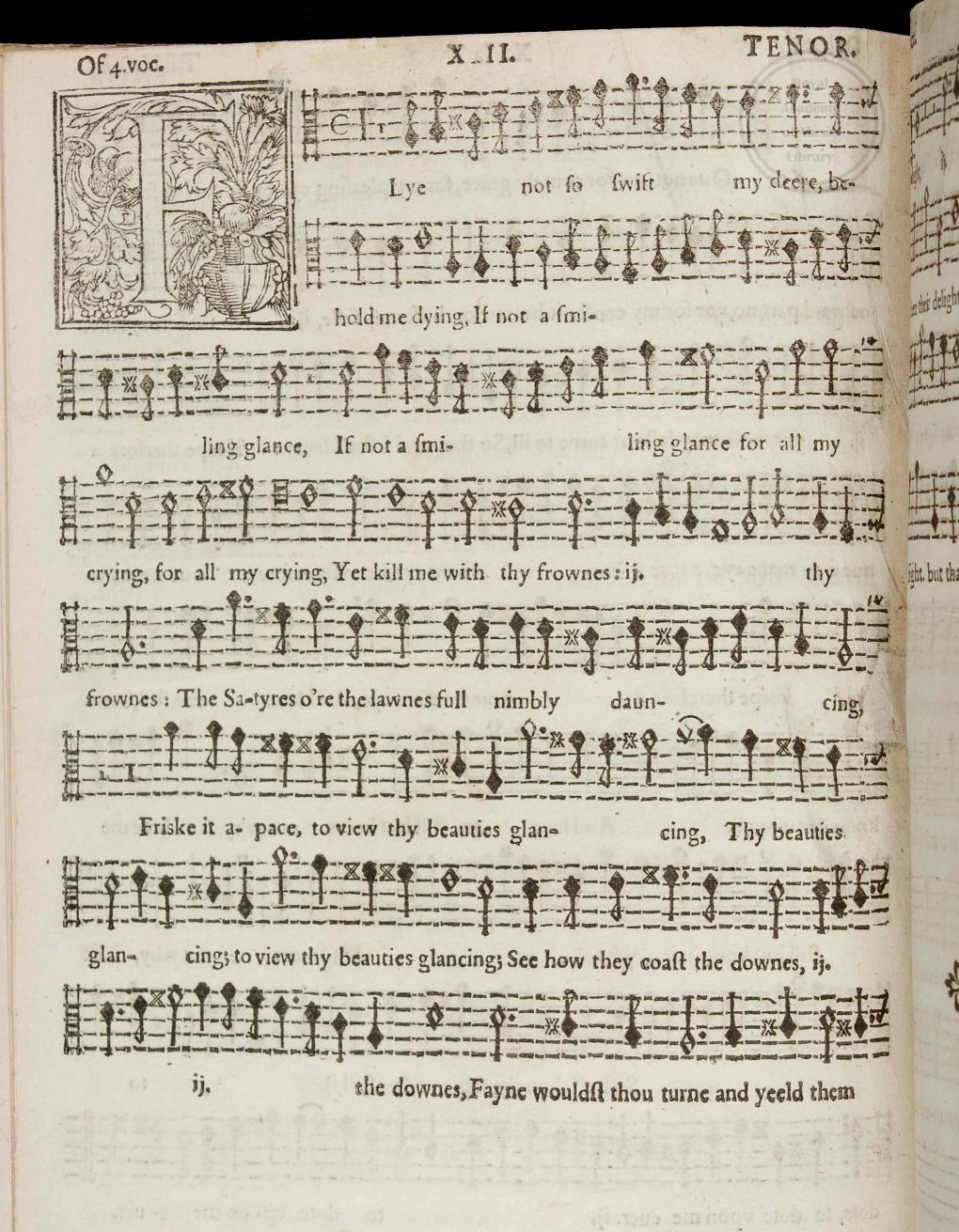
























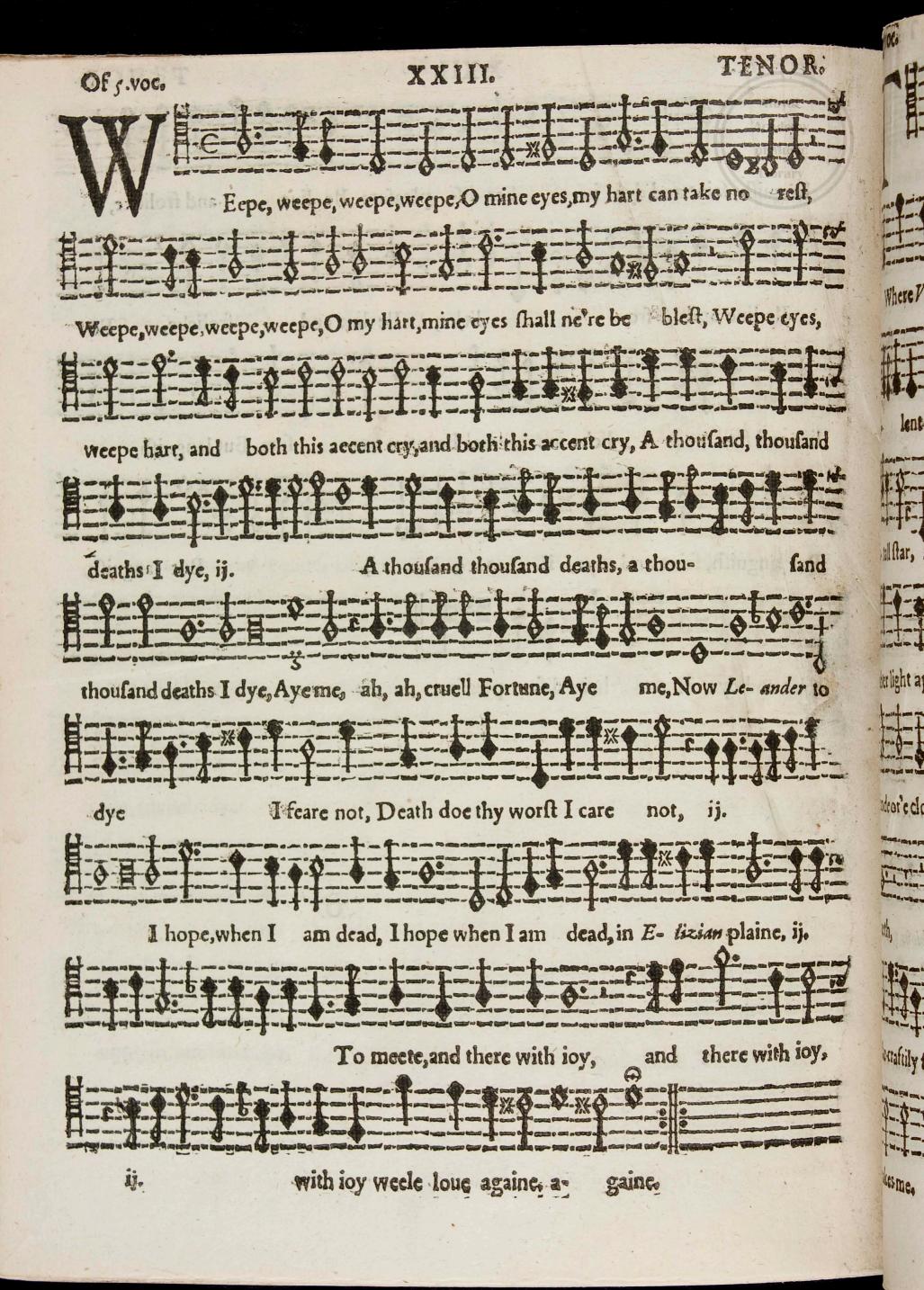






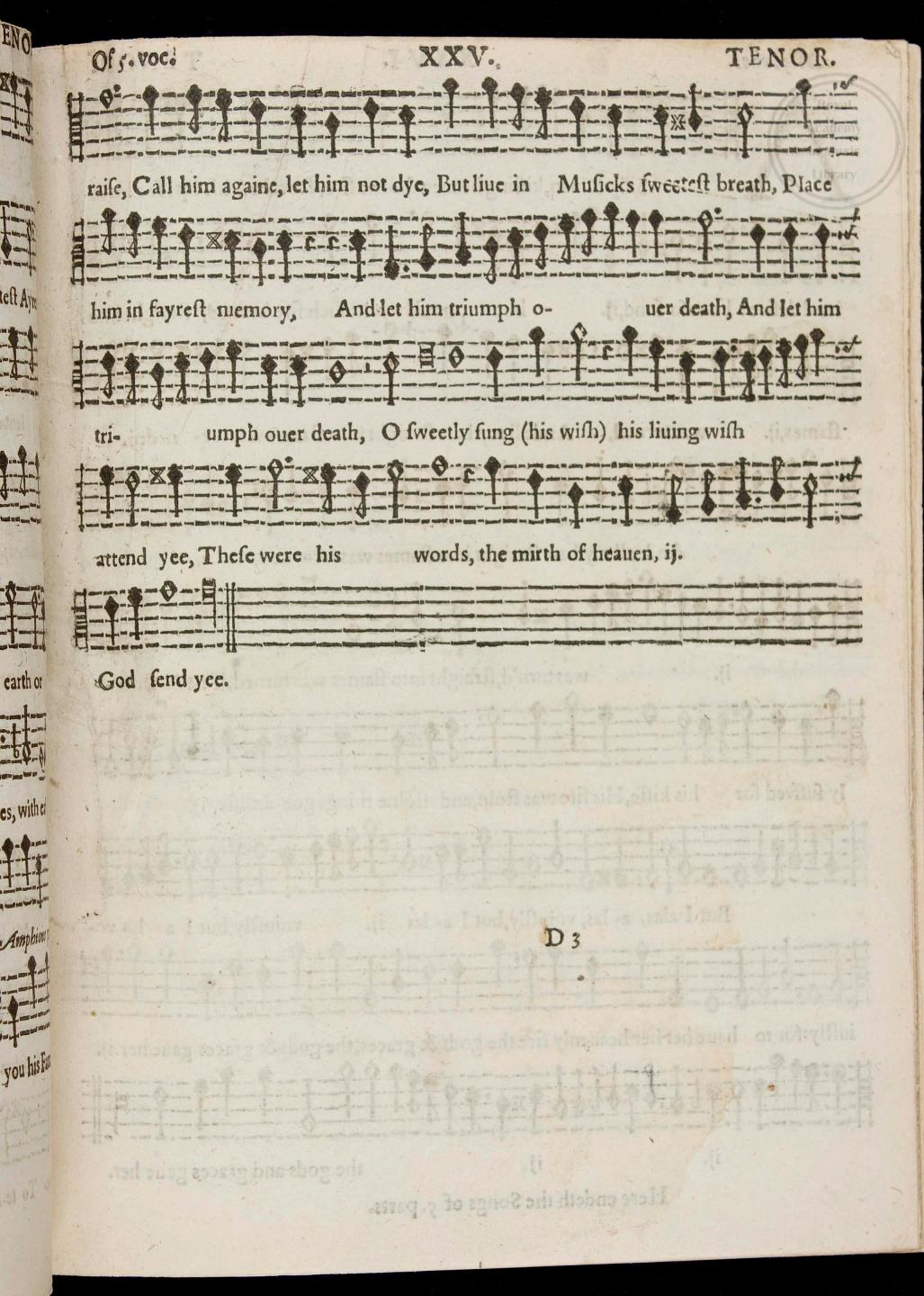


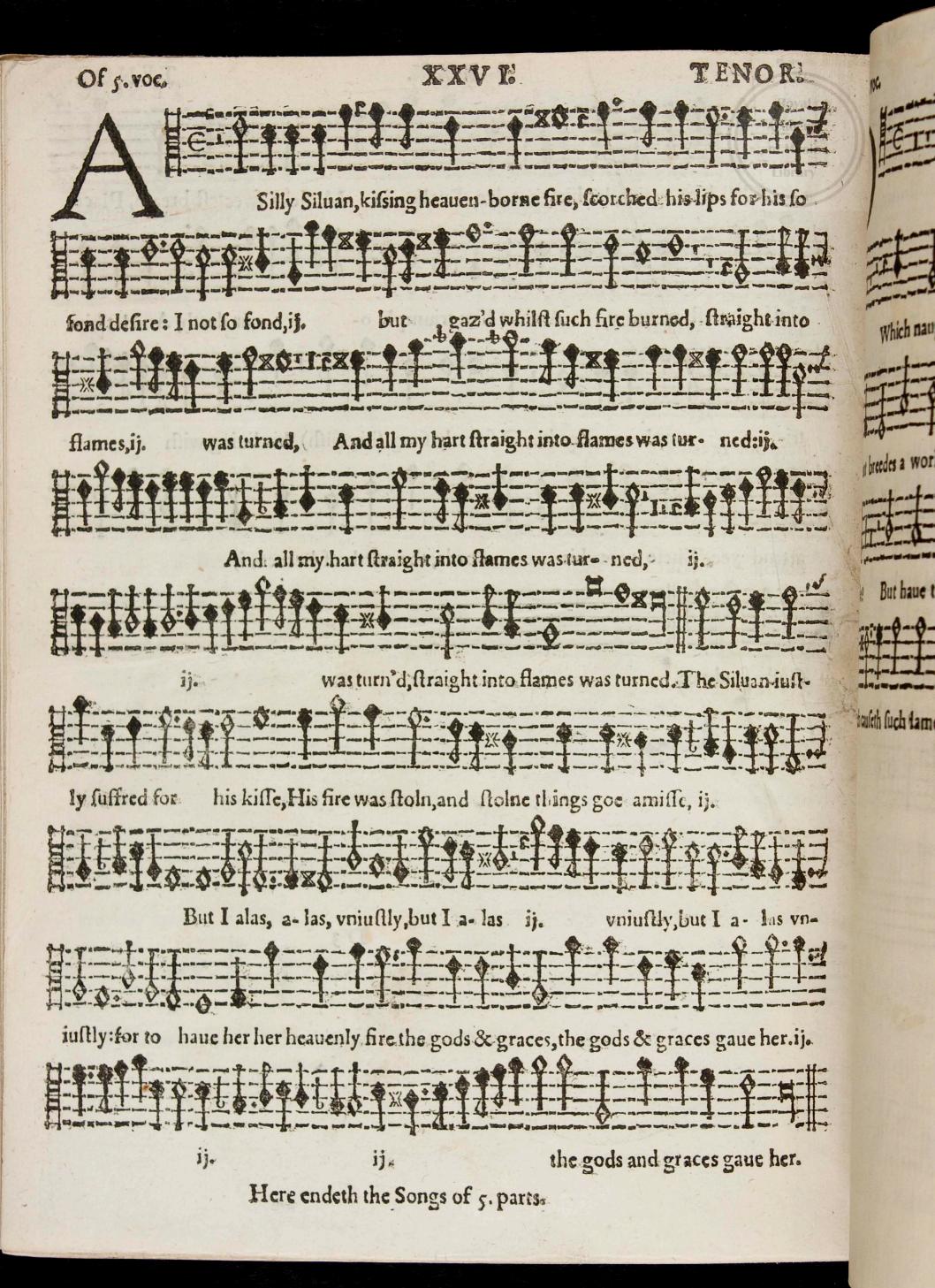


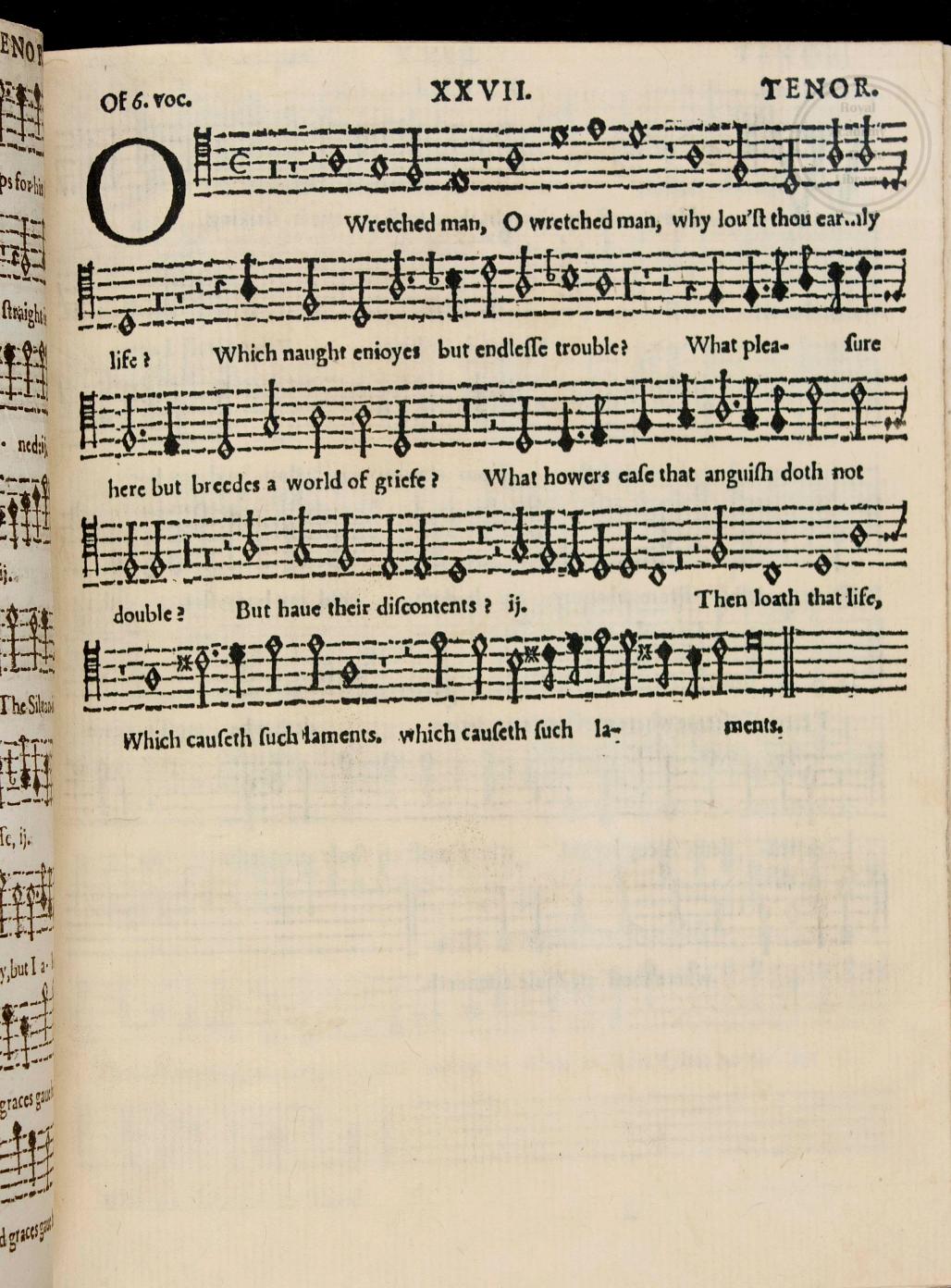


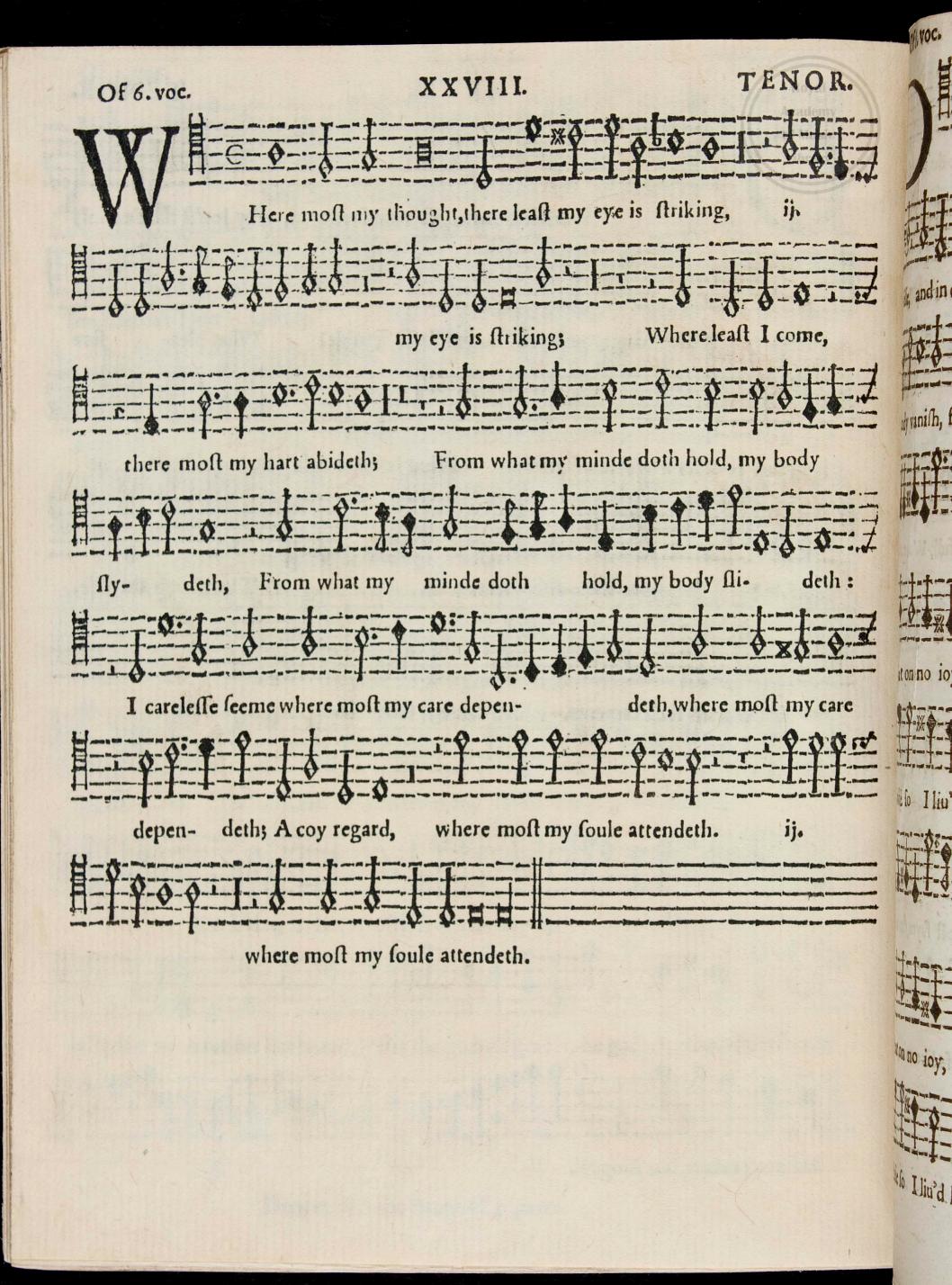




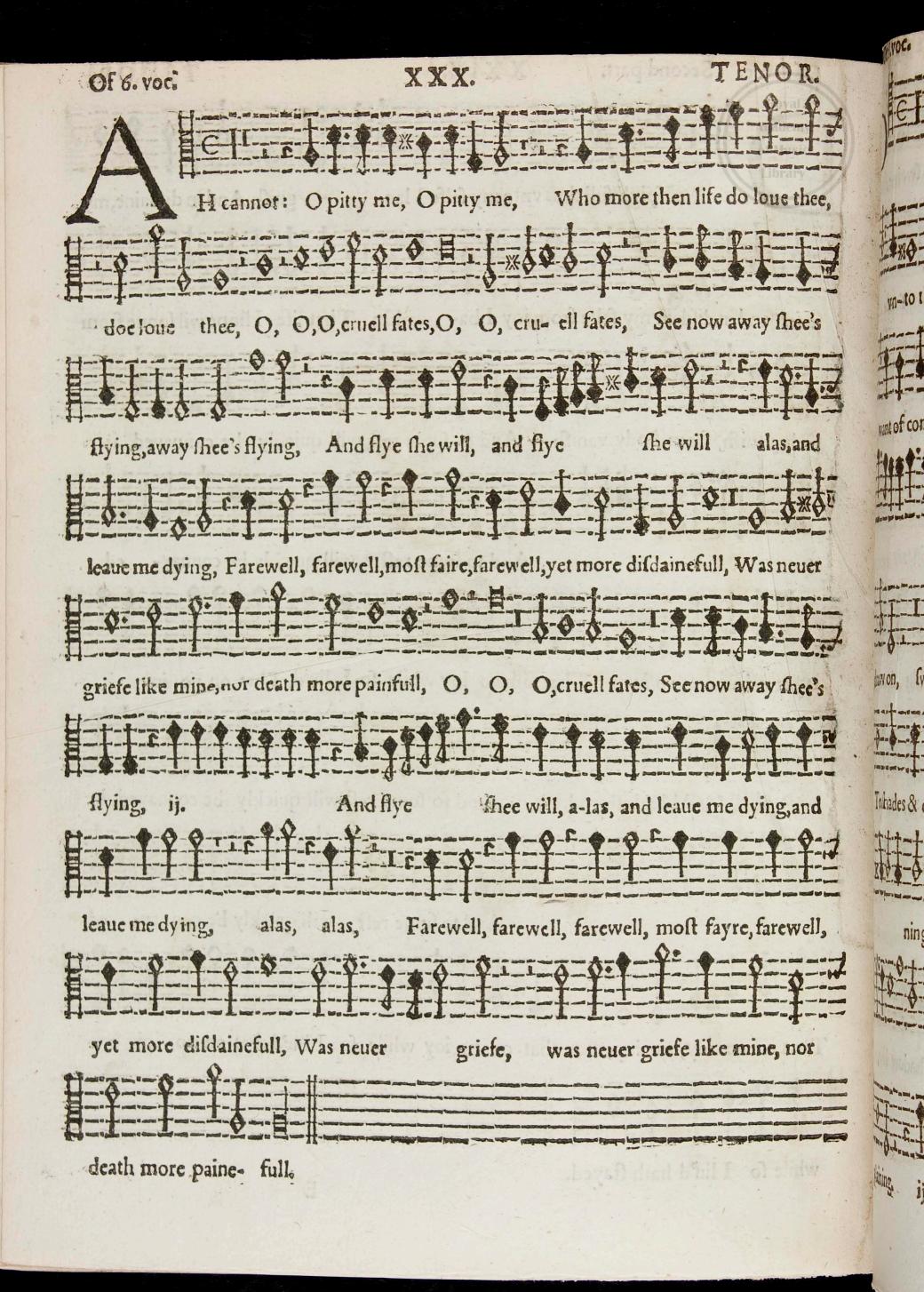


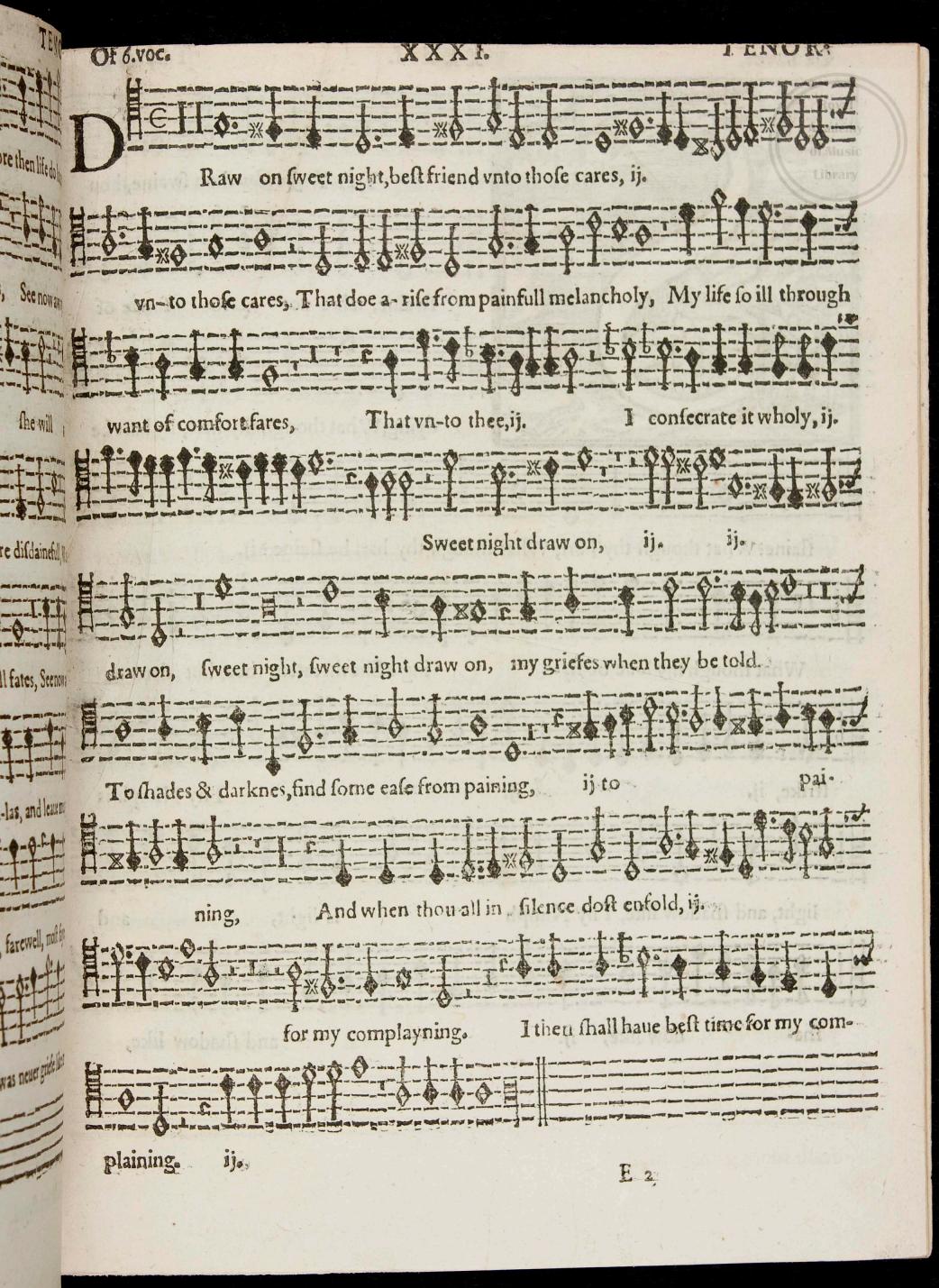




















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